

M1860  
Saturday, June 13, 1970  
Barn  
Lunch  
and  
Coffee (Group II)

Saturday Lunch

Mr. Nyland: I think sometimes we ought to bless the Norelco firm for putting out the recorders that make noise. Because it's such a sure thing. There it goes—how did Andy call it: Twenty-one-gun salute? Huh? [chuckle] It certainly produces immediately silence: *Now—now!*—we have to be quiet.

And then what are you listening for, and what am I going to say. I would like to say something about coherence among Groups as a whole. I think when people come and they stay here for a little while ... and people who have been here for a little while and then go, they take with them of course impressions. When they come there—wherever they belonged—and then have to say what were their impressions, a couple of little meetings and then it is over and they are left alone. Here is Terry and Dan going back again to California, what will they do. What can they now take with them; but also what I think is their obligation, their obligation is to talk 'Barn' as often as they can. I think it should be brought up time and time again, that the Barn exists and that whatever happened to the Barn while they were here, that they remember. We are all under that same kind of an obligation. If we go out somewhere, let's say in Boston, you come back you ought to tell how was this, how was that. People in Boston will want to know what happens here when they cannot always come here, when we stop over in Chicago I have a task to tell about Warwick. Why is it really necessary: They have to look much more ahead in the future. If there is an aim for you, for all of us to help maintain Work, you have to have something that becomes more and more tangible; also in your thoughts and your feelings you

have to have certain things that can then remind you.

That is why I have asked the history of this place as we go along. Photographs—we do it at the Land, I have two little volumes with photographs as the Land in California started to grow. We don't do it here—at least not to my knowledge—and I have suggested it several times: To write down certain things and to illustrate it so that it becomes part of an archive; so that we really know afterwards what had happened, and then perhaps in looking at it again and again you are reminded.

Because, every person will forget. You forget about meetings. You forget about certain tapes; even if at a certain time they were useful to you, after three or four weeks you don't remember the number unless you have written it down, and after a year you have forgotten the subject. This is going to happen in the future, you have to prepare for that if you believe that this kind of work is worthwhile enough to help to continue with it. I think this is what Gurdjieff really meant: That he hoped that after he died it would be continued. Of course the reason for writing All and Everything is to give something that is tangible also to us, but we don't as yet—at least, again, in my opinion—use it enough. It is not as yet sufficiently on our lips; and it is so quite easy that when you come back after two or three days the newness wears off and then you don't want to be reminded, or, people don't want to ask you again and again.

Every once in a while it *ought* to be brought up. You establish solidarity. You establish relationships. You work together. You have to stretch out much further than this Barn. The Barn has to become a symbol for many people here and there. I've said it many times of course—that there are, here and there, different people who want to know something. So that perhaps we can help them with some tapes; but also, with visits stop over, just give a telephone: “I am here, how are things.”

What is it: We forget ... and I know that we forget it and one is not interested, you become a little interested when you have to answer a tape. And then you visualize a Group and there you are, as it were, in the midst of them; and you talk to them and you consider each person as they ask a question maybe. And you know them and you know how a questioner then is at that time, do you see any growth in their questions? Do you live with them?

All of this is related to have life become part of Work and Work part of your life, still staying within the limitations of how much Work should go in your daily life. I said last night it is salt, but it is very powerful ... and it can be maintained, because, as soon as you leave the salt

out the dinner is not worthwhile anymore. The conversations with different people in a Group is not worthwhile very much if you become again provincial. I don't like provinciality. It is narrow. It is not that you become a 'Man of the world.' I would like to have people become Man of an 'internal world,' of a world that is much deeper than the ordinary kind. A world that has to do with your inner life; and that when you are a member of that kind of society, you will be proud of your membership when you find other people.

And you have to talk about this all the time—not to forget that a contact must be maintained. Because otherwise it runs down into the Earth again, and if it wants to be revived it will take much more energy. We see it with little Groups who do not get enough attention. It's partly our fault and it's partly, of course, their fault. It's partly that they don't know and that there are not enough people there to pick it up, and one or two do not do it.

Tom is going back to Santa Fe very soon. Again, a task: What has he gotten from the Barn here. What is there now that he can take with him to which he then can refer so that he then can talk to such people: "Do you know that tape and that meeting, such questions?" You know, we talked about it—you know it is somewhere. It ought to be available in an index; in an archive, pictures of the Barn—"Look, so-and-so was working on the ditch then; you know, that ditch had to be made because we are making a cellar in the Barn"—or little facts, just something that is of interest that keeps you together.

I say you *have* to learn it. Because when ... after I die you will have to have something else that will take the place. I hold you together at the present time—of course I do—but it is something that you have to understand: That it is not always going to be maintained by a Nucleus here and there in a little bit of a city. There has to be a relationship that this can actually start to continue, and of course I hope to grow, for the sake of life as a whole and an understanding of what life *really* means. Because that's this what Gurdjieff tells you. He gives you the reality of life, not just a lot of nonsense that you can read in a thousand books. You write your book of this organization, if you like you can have a page in it. You can belong as a member, the membership can be lifelong, if you wish, for the rest of your life. No one can take a membership away from you when your life is dedicated to something: First for yourself; in the second place to help maintain; and then, *because* of that spreading out and having a good result and an influence.

Do you ever look at this rotten world in which we live. Do you ever feel it—how we are

being dragged down. I talked about it last night—what is it that happens to us when we just let it go; and that gradually our eyes simply get closed ... more and more closed because we have not the power and the wish to keep them open, and gradually after some time we fall asleep, and after some time you never Wake Up anymore.

Do you think it's important to understand life on Earth in that way? Do you feel for humanity? Do you understand when the Bible says that you ought to love your neighbors? We are still too damned superficial for that. We don't understand ourselves, even, but we forget and forget ... and it is exactly *that* that I want to remind you: Not to forget. Wear a little flower in the lapel of your coat; a little forget-me-not, and walk around with that for a day and touch it every once in a while and say "Don't let me forget." I mean that—when people come to the Barn and go away, "Don't let me forget the Barn."

There is something that is here, that stands for something as a symbol to which one can point. You can have that at the Land also, in a little smaller degree. It will be in different other places, surely there will be five centers after a little while. The organization as a whole will grow; but you have to help it to grow, to keep at it and to wish it, and to make it more and more a part of your life if you consider it important. And sometimes I question that particular importance for you—rather that your feeling, the way you look at it ... how you consider it in seriousness. It's easy for me to be serious about it. You can always say "Surely he is at the end of his life, so what, he has forgotten when he was 20 or 30 years old." I assure you, I don't forget. I'm very much like an elephant. I remember extremely well how it was in the very beginning when the word of Gurdjieff started to verberate. It started for us in New York. It started to become known. It was laughed at in the beginning, but it was maintained by a little Group with the help of Orage. It continued without the help of Ouspensky; and notwithstanding his bad attempts, it still remained. There are still some left, some have died—those who do not belong to a little bit of an organization I also used to belong to—but they still have a feeling for Gurdjieff.

I met one this week. I will meet many more of the old so-called 'veterans.' Because I have a feeling it is necessary that somehow or other they still are united; at least in spirit that there are certain things that still can be exchanged and if it can be, that we could profit by it: To bring the level of us—as Groups, now, not only for the Barn but as a totality—bring it up to a little higher level of better understanding and perhaps even have more useful information of things that can

actually be put to practice or that we can profit by.

That is why I want a little time. That is why I want to ask again and again, give me that privacy. Because if you do, there will be much more opportunity to be open with me: If you don't bother me too much with the things that you can settle yourself, you can bother me with the things about which you need a little advice. There is Firefly House, the addition gets gradually to its point where I can use it. The location of that room downstairs closer to the brook, is a room of privacy. It is for me and it will become more and more that kind of a dedicated room. More and more it will be, I hope.

And this has no other meaning than to indicate what took place at the Prieuré. I was there enough. I saw it, I felt it, I knew where was Gurdjieff then as a presence, and how he was. I'm not comparing anything with anything, I'm only saying that there are certain things that as far as I am concerned, I will need. Because my attitude towards Work is holy; and for that once in a while I remember Gurdjieff's room was at the end of the first staircase, when you got up the staircase to the left there was a door, and then there was the corridor—the corridor with different rooms overlooking the gardens. And Gurdjieff's room it had a door of course, we did not dare to knock on it. No one would be invited unless *he* wished. Very few people, actually. Very seldom any kind of a little congregation. That was downstairs in the dining room. That is where we met. That's where people could come in. They could walk around the gardens, they could come, all kinds of different kind of people could come and walked over the threshold of Prieuré when they were allowed; particularly on a Saturday when it was a little bit more open for the people from Fontainebleau, and sometimes invited to take part in the supper.

But, his room was his property. I'm not that strict. I cannot be. I am not Gurdjieff. I am weak. I fall down every once in a while and I know that I pay for it, but when I talk about writing, talk about thinking, arranging it in such a way that I remain in contact with the different Groups and that I actually am, and will remain, up to date; and that people will have to help me in that, and that they must know that I listen to their answers and that when the answers are not right or that the little Groups that we do have in my opinion can help ... happen to have or ought to have a little stimulus, of course I will try to give it. I need time, I don't want to take it out of my health. I want to Work ... but you can come any time when you need it, when you wish; when *finally* the communication system will be perfect, when the intercom will always work, when the telephone will always ring when necessary, when what need not ring can actually be

shut off, when we have that kind of a feeling to want to maintain it. So that we can say “Thank you” to everybody who has worked on it; that it can be left alone for the next six months without me having to ask “Please, come and fix that goddamn thing again.”

It’s not that I am so sick and tired of it because it would require much more than that, but it interferes. It’s not that I wish to count the time, the days, the years, or maybe weeks of the rest of my life; but I do know—and what I said last night—I concentrate a great deal in meetings ... in them when we talk, and also in Activities; trying to push them ahead simultaneously; working on many fronts, as much as we can, as much as we can divide ourselves and still remain a unit. That we will continue with, that will *have* to be as long as this Barn is alive. That will *have* to be, as long as there are enough people who want to maintain and help maintain this. And *from* here—you might say ‘headquarters’—there will go out different rays of help, wishing to give and wanting to be received. And in contact with them—with *all* of them—so that they don’t get discouraged and dismayed because we don’t pay enough attention; so that they can come if they wish and find something and go home with that, and be shaken up when they are here.

This Barn is not easy. This kind of life is sometimes quite terrible. I know it. I feel it, sometimes I must let it be. Because, how else will you learn. You have to learn to stand on your own feet; and then when you have learned you go with a certain baggage and that baggage must stay with you; and if you open it, *don’t* spend it too soon ... and take out all the things and show it for one day or so. Keep a little bit in the background. Every once in a while open the package to see if there is anything that perhaps *then*, at a later date you could tell about or communicate.

Help to build up. Help each other. Try to understand this kind of relationships on the basis of Work for yourself, on the basis of the existence of Objectivity in this world on Earth. To find out what it is when God tells one that there is the possibility of Heaven to appear. That you help towards that in the best way we can, in the way we understand it. Perhaps it may be not the same as someone else who tells about this—and that you have to go to a church and that you have to become meditative and that you have to do all kind of things: standing on your head and play an acrobat. I don’t know about such things. I only know about one thing: That is, the necessity of an understanding in my own life so that I, in this life, have wisdom; that I can use that what is mine, given to me, and to return it hundred-fold. If that can be done, then I will try to do it.

As long as there is that kind of belief then I think it can be communicated. As long as it then can encourage you, really interest you enough; that it strikes you to the bone, to the marrow,

to that what is the reality of yourself, that *that* is kindled and then you have a wish. The two-foldment: Again and again, the emphasis is on *your* Work, *your* life, *your* future in the spiritual world; and with that radiant as the Sun, extending the rays wherever and however far they can go; to profit by that what is given and that perhaps, even when received you may have returned it to you again and again for your own benefit, for the glory of God—the Father of all living creatures.

I hope you have a good afternoon. Break your mechanicality at times.

And Peter, will you play a little bit?

### Barn, Coffee

Mr. Nyland: I always have a feeling when I come in and all of you sitting here; as if I come on the stage, all we need is a little bit of a podium and the whole theatre will be complete. So then I start in a certain acting role ... a different kind of a facet of human behavior, it does require at certain times some adaptability, *how* to play that kind of a role. And of course there are two ways by which roles can be played: One simply superficial outside manifestation which gives the appearance and where people need not be within, than only to direct from the mind or even from the feeling something that becomes manifest in the physical body *also* directing the mind to talk about certain things as if one has learned lines by heart and then wants to communicate; the other kind of a role of course is that one changes, that one *is* actually what one has to be—and that, of course, means that *totally* a person ought to be able to change, *that* is the flexibility which is needed.

The first role—the kind of role—can be played by different people even if they are machines, because a machine is also to a certain extent flexible. If there is no particular reason for playing roles, a machine remains mechanical. I said at lunch “Don’t be mechanical all the time, stop your mechanicality at times,” I meant by that that you stop the machine from operating. All you can do, really, at such a time is to make it not run. Because if you don’t, the machine will continue to run in accordance with the rules of the machine. If there is a generator and it has an armature it has to run in a certain way, if the bearings are not much good then the armature won’t function and the generator will not give electricity. The same with a car, any kind of an engine that we know already as machinery that we have worked with: You know it has to be exactly that way in order to function as a machine.

You can say the machine has to be ‘healthy.’ If we are unconscious and if we are in a good state—not particularly upset one way or the other—we function completely mechanical, and we then behave in accordance with rules belonging to the machine itself. And you can set it in motion a little faster or a little slower—that is still possible—but in general it has to behave in accordance with the rules which are inherent in that mechanicality. We call that simply ‘unconsciousness’—working in accordance with something that you really do not know but could find out—and then at times you might even be surprised that you are *that* mechanical.

When you want to change the machine, I don’t think it is really possible. You can teach the machine to do certain things. You can put little additions to it. In the first place, regulating it as far as speed is concerned. You can move it as a whole and make it face different ‘parts,’ let’s say for one moment, ‘of the world,’ you can also make it work in a certain way and transfer energy from one machine to another. But, you are really bound by the body of the machine; and your mind and your feeling also belong to it and they have established in the course of years a certain pattern which belongs to you, in that way you can actually teach a little bit of a flexibility to learn a certain pattern by hanging on or taking away certain parts of the machine which then will make it function in a little different way, it still remains mechanical. And when one performs on a stage and that what is a role has become superficial and already so many times having been played, it’s really not necessary to put any particular life in it, and it performs ... and for all purposes of unconsciousness it’s quite sufficient.

The other part—how to play a role—is really the recognition *first* of the machine as mechanical, and *then* to make fundamental changes into the mechanicality so that when the machine objects, there is a different kind of a force which makes, then, that mechanicality go over into another kind of a form; and not necessarily non-mechanical, but it will enlarge the possibility for that machine to perform differently in different surroundings. And as soon as the change is made, you run the risk that that what is the newness becomes again mechanical; and that if one wants to continue to change the machine into something else in a different kind of a form which is not subject any longer to the laws of mechanicality, there has to be constant attention to make the changes all the time, whenever they will fall back to its original form of behavior.

This is really the difficulty in becoming a different kind of a Man, in accordance with Objective rules. Because what he is at the present time, of course he is following a certain



pattern; and it is quite right that he does follow it, but it's not very useful when it stays that way. When it is a role he plays in which there is nothing else but just surface and outside manifestations, of course there is not enough aliveness—than only on the outside a little bit, and it's like a veneer. And one performs then—and again, for the eyes of the world—it's quite right because they don't look any further than the surface, for himself it is not his solution to his life. Because a Man is not only superficial. There is something that has made him originally become mechanical ... and it's not a question so much of undoing the mechanicality, it is really needed to understand that a person *is* mechanical and that *because* of that this automatic forms of behavior has to be viewed from a different kind of a standpoint. Because within himself as he is—that is, the body, the way a Man must function and has been taught to function and has been educated and then left alone—the machine was simply set in motion. And this is what Gurdjieff means by the 'winding up' of the Bobbin-kandelnosts: They have been formed in a Man; and then when he has reached a certain amount of knowledge or feeling and a certain dexterity within his body, there is very little to do any more than just supply enough gasoline to make the machine continue to run. And that in the meantime, when that takes place the Bobbin-kandelnosts simply unwind and a Man continues, then, to perform in a certain mechanical way without any particular attention and wish even to want to change it; and following, then, like a machine the line of least resistance so that it can run smoothing, supplying it every once in a while with enough oil so that after some time, when the parts have worn off the body can be dismissed.

The function for a person to recognize that he is automatic, takes place first in certain discrepancies which takes the form in a Man; that that what he is doing is not in adjustment to that what really the outside world requires; and that he has his limitations as a mechanical toy, and that because of that—not wishing to be called that way—he wants to find out if it's possible to play a different kind of a part. For that, of course, he has to recognize that he has been playing a part, and that he has been able to get away with it because there was not enough criticism. There were no 'critique people,' no critical ones who sit and write; because whatever there was, was always the writing-up of that what appealed to me, and very seldom that any kind of a critical person seeing, could look into him.

I'm afraid many performers—actors and actresses, but also those who appear in the public limelight—simply perform; and that the criticism is also superficial, and that very seldom there is something said about what the Man was as a Man. The interest that always would rest with a

person to find out what a composer like Beethoven actually felt: what he was when he was as a man home, how he go up in the morning; what were the effects of his deafness in later life, how was he in relation to his nephew; what was it that actually made the man go and wish, then, to write or to perform music or to create certain things at what time and why; and in what state was he, then, physically or psychologically so that, when that what is the performance and can at times affect one, how was it created and from where did it come within Beethoven.

But of course it's the same if you say "Gurdjieff, where did the music come from." What was it in Gurdjieff that he had in mind when he took certain melodies from the Middle East or sacred canticles. Or what he writes about when he was in the Cathedral of Kars and of course was under the influence of Dean Borsh: That then at that time certain things took place in him which of course were then settled—and also I would say were mechanically 'transferred' to him—that then the process that took place being affected by whatever the music or the melodies represented and then became connected more and more with sacred dances, that something started in Gurdjieff himself to utilize that and to try to give it again; not as a reflex or not as a reaction, but that it had gone through him *first* to change him and *then* the creation could come from his essence and even, if possible, essential essence.

That is really what takes place when a mechanical machine is changing its form and its content. The content of oneself must be touched. It is not a surface of playing a role. It's not the ability to be clever and to get away with whatever one wants, even the line of least resistance to be followed in order to perform certain things that are necessary for the rest of the world and to be able to live with other people and also not to be disturbed too much by their criticism. And that one for oneself is able to live with oneself, the changing-over of *that* kind of conversion into an automatic machinery which also now is running in accordance with different kind of rules, that one establishes such rules of a different kind of a level where the rules at the lower level do not apply any longer. When there are different kind of laws to which one then must adhere, also will require a different kind of performance and a different way from where that performance is directed: So that, then, whatever one has taken in in one's life could actually become used in some way or other, *provided* that that what has taken ... has been taken in, was taken in further, deeper, and deeper down than the surface.

This is really what takes place when a person is sensitive: That he then in that kind of a reception is affected, more and more the totality of himself. Because, a machine has no heart. It

just performs. It is lovely, mechanical, and it is to some extent even clever because there is a great deal of intellect that goes into the movements of the different parts, but the heart is not there. And therefore a person who simply is unconscious can never be touched; because he will take things and quite superficially either explain it or feel a little shiver going through their physical body and let it go at that, but when a person is sensitive there is something else, and that is really where the depths of a person starts to be recognized.

That what is touched is his life within his Magnetic Center, and it is from there that the different impressions which have been received in early life will start to become converted on account of a wish on the part of the Man. Why a Man does not want to be mechanical is a very strange kind of an idea even to conceive of; because it is so much easier to remain a little unconscious, and if one in unconsciousness can get along, one is really not interested in one's inner life.

All right, John.

side 2 Mr. Nyland: Some day I will ask you, when John turns those cassettes over to remain exactly as you were before. Because there is always this "Thank God, now we can stretch our legs, now we can relax a little bit, now we can cough, now the pressure is gone." Just try to be exactly the same, as if I keep on talking—because *that* is where originally it comes from—with the attention, and try to maintain that as a state for yourself and not become too mechanical ... and just when the pressure is gone then you can, as it were 'be yourself' a little bit more.

A person who is aiming to become Conscious will wish a machine to run always in that way, but he wants an engineer to be able to look at it. First, the performance as an ordinary Man in life. First the different roles which have made up his repertoire; the different parts he has played already regarding his father and mother and family and the different kinds and types of friends, *all* of that, automatic as they are, become important to see what is the flexibility and what is really potentially even possible for a Man to become when one wants to dig a deeper ditch, when one wants to find out what is really below the level of clay, if there is still sand ... is there still a certain kind of soil. Is there still the chance that something could be uncovered which is flexible enough in accordance with its own nature; which is still sensitive so that it is not as yet ... or has gone over into any cliché, but that the aliveness is still you might say 'unprejudiced' and that when it could be touched, that then it has the potentiality of growing out and performing a different kind of a task.

But again, from inside-out and *not* because there is an audience around one who expects an actor to behave and play Shakespeare. The difference with Gurdjieff is that he took in that what was given to him in his early youth and let it penetrate; perhaps because of his sensitivity, but at any event also because something was represented by such music ... and *of course* in the music and in the dances and that what the dervishes did for the purposes of acquiring for themselves certain insights; in their behavior performing dances which had to have a certain rhythm that would give them, then, a heightened state and a level of their own Being, that the music represented that. That the music *in itself* has the ability to touch a person—provided he is not too much ... or has not too much of a crust.

We are crusty. We are so thick-skinned we have lost the ability, even, to become porous. We are constantly covered up by the manifestations required by the outside world. It's very seldom that we even want to uncover what we are, and when we do, at times we are still afraid. Because we don't know what it is and no one can really be blamed for having a little fear that something perhaps could come out completely naked—without being clothed—and we don't want it that way ... because it becomes as if one wants to avoid being on exhibition.

What is the result *if* one can become sensitive enough and take in impressions and let them be stored away for some time, until the proper time can come that you can put them in a different kind of a form. What one wants to do is to study the machine one is; whatever there is as aliveness and makes it move a little bit, to see if it is possible that that aliveness can be linked up with something a little deeper. The reality that one wants to uncover and one's real Self, will take time of study on the part of the engineer. For that reason one talks about 'I'. Because the 'I' is that kind of a entity interested in the machine and see where, perhaps, automatic as it is, it could be touched.

Where is the Achilles heel of an engine. Where is it actually that it is possible that a person can be affected. One says 'in one's heart'; but then you go over from a machine into something with a heart, and I said a little while ago "a machine has no heart." The machine is only our outside forms of behavior and manifestations. It is really nothing else than the body performing certain ways of behavior with arms and legs and head and posture and gestures and all the different things we talk about, including Movements; but that then by means of the movement in accordance with different laws—by means of something that allows a certain kind of music to enter into a place where seldom music will come—and then becoming upset because it is

unusual, strange, and one does not want to have too much adventure at once. Because, you cannot digest it. It will take some time before the assurance, that the engineer will tell you that there is, now, a heart and you are not like a machine any longer.

I talk about influences of Work, influences of attempts of Work, influences of the thoughts and the feelings which precede the actual Work attempt. I talk about the preparation of the soil; the plowing, the taking care of the soil before you sow anything. I'm not even talking about the seed being received by the soil and needing a little time before it can come up like a plant. I am talking about the whole attitude which becomes apparent in a posture of expectation and wanting, then, to receive something that is worthwhile ... and if one wants and hopes and believes that there is in a certain condition the possibility of receiving food for one's own machine, that then *because of that* it might even start to change inherently. That is why we talk about *inner* life. Because as we are—mechanical—we have no use for inner life. There is no need for it, we simply behave and we go along quite merrily until we die.

It is a difficult thing to come to the conclusion that one must do something about one's inner Being. I've talked many times about the two forms in which life is represented, but of course there are hundreds of form; because there are hundreds and thousands of cells and each have life force until they are sloughed off, when they become non-functional they also lose their value for us. When the body itself as a whole is not functional anymore, it also will die. When we don't exercise it, when we don't want it really to remain alive, when we are satisfied with seeing it die, then all of us will ultimately give up. To change over from one role to another does require probably a little bit more than just the engineer looking. The engineer is looking for that where the place of one's heart could be. It is trying to find out how can one approach an automaton. What is it that one ought to do in order to break something loose and open. In ordinary life there are many ways by which a person can be really touched in that way. But when there is something around oneself partly as an atmosphere, partly as manifestation, partly as a result of the state of one's mind and the feeling so that there is so little interest in life, *where* does one begin. Because one wishes in such a way to give life so that it could be kindled if there is life in ... and within someone; but when there is so little Aspiration, even, *where* does one start. What can one do, than only go through certain platitudes and say "I will do this and I will do that."

How can one surround a person with the possibility of being opened up *because of* such

surroundings. The only way I can see it, is really that one has to surround a person with affection. That there is a quality which undoes his mechanicality. That one give, then, on the basis simply of an emotional energy being diverted at that time, and then wishing to penetrate; so that there is that kind of a reaction of wanting to find in someone *outside* of oneself a reason for remaining alive *within*. There has to be a recognition of some kind that if that can take place—and it is not at all certain that it will take place—one has to keep on I would say, ‘piling emotion and energy around’ ... and part as if one wishes the plant to grow, and you take care of the soil in some way or other because you know it needs that. You want to care for it in some way ... in such a way that the plant can feel at home, that then the seed will start to germinate.

What does one do for little children, what does one do for animals when they are born: You try to create conditions for them so that you will do everything possible—put a little pillow here and there, make them restful, make sure the air is right, give them a little bit of something to eat at times. You take care of them because you care for *them*, and that is what is really the solution of how to change the role of a machine into a different kind of a role.

That is what is needed as a surrounding, sometimes a person is *very* much dependent on it. Because, he cannot always produce it within himself. There is of course the possibility that it is still there. It is like a little bit of a fire that has gone out and a few sparks are still alive, but *where* is the wind or the bellows that will blow it up, and the little bit of kindling wood that will start the fire going again. It is difficult. Simply words don’t do it. A surrounding or even Nature when it is too far away, seeing beautiful things does not do it. It has to come in—sometimes I say, now—through music as something that really can carry that kind of a message to one’s inner life.

I don’t think that the eyes of a person, when he sees beauty, will convey enough—*unless* the eyes have become quite sensitized. Hearing is, still, different; because it starts already to enter in a certain rate of vibration, which is not assured when it comes into your eyes. The rate of vibration for oneself hearing sounds—and which sounds then carry with it what I call that kind of a message because of the combination of such sounds which have produced harmony of a certain kind or perhaps even sacredness—that then it enters into a Man *not* through that what is comparable to light rays through the eyes, it comes in the ear but without going through your head. It comes direct sometimes to your heart. It upsets you ... that is, it affects you, it makes it for you almost unbelievable that it still is possible to be affected.

One ascribes it to different causes. One says it is so-and-so playing—it isn't, it is the music. But, I cannot divide that what is the cause from that what is given as a product. I have to learn to separate them. Because I want to become—I say it for myself—'independent' of the influence of anyone; because all I wish is to be reminded; and when I am reminded there is enough within oneself that can then start to grow, and then I will wish to supply the bellows to fan it into life and to give it enough food so that it can actually continue to grow. That changes the role. The role becomes, then, the Man total played with all three centers, played with all what he is in his performance in that what is his heart, and of course directed by the mind *this* time being engaged by the heart.

Don't misunderstand and don't mistake the power of one's heart. Because the emotional quality of a Man is at the present time far superior to his mental capacity. His mental capacity unconsciously functioning in his mind the way it is, is really so small. I've said before it is just enough to be able to walk around. It has of course ability to read and have a memory and recall ... and bringing back certain scenery and description and concepts and sometimes concepts which are imaginary, sometimes a wish and sometimes actually conceiving of what it is to see the lights of Karatas and to experience it within oneself; but what is the possibility for one's heart to start to function when once it gets a little bit freer from the solar plexus and when it doesn't need so much anymore of the physical body to have a language, when it starts to talk on its own and has then the language ... I call it 'music' because music is the closest to one of all the arts, it is that what really is creation and what actually could Wake a person Up. The other things, I say they are ... because one reads and it is in the mind and it is beautiful, poetry as language can have a tonality which also is like music, but reading or seeing sculpture or seeing a painting, seeing what is Nature, still is dependent on something else. It does not reach the heart direct. Many times it has to go through the mind, and who knows what the mind is sifting out. A mind will only let go certain things through in accordance with the condition of the mind itself; but when it comes through the ears, and particularly when it is a sound and when it can start to reverberate within oneself in the body and then help to actually affect the heart to also become vibrating in a certain way, combination of sounds which one cannot recognize and which you cannot define and which you could become free from entirely ... then only that what takes hold of you without wishing even to compare it with anything you have experienced before.

It is, of course, when you sing that *that* kind of a sound belongs to you completely, and you

don't need then an instrument to translate it for you. That is why I rate this question of sound—music, vibration rates of that kind—higher than that what reaches one by means of one's mind. Why is it really higher. When one says sight and air ... and light and ether, when one compares them if I say that light is a transference by means of vibration in ether or in some substance I do not know much about; but when sound is a rate of vibration in air, then something is recognized in me. Because I know air, I don't know ether. That is why light is not as clear. That is why colors do not have the same effect as a nuance of a variation of a tone. Because air is part of me already the way I am, it's only much later that colors will start to affect me in a certain way, when that what could receive a color has been developed. It's a different kind of a rate in which one then lives, and also on a different kind of a level. It is then that the mind already has become sensitized; and when it is sensitive without being able to define that what is the color—that is, when one can take in colors without comparing it with something else—the mind is then functioning in a much more Conscious way.

The totality of a Man, if he can actually continue to develop his Kesdjanian body and parallel to that his Soul, he becomes more sensitive to colors. Some people have that by their nature; but that what can strike much easier the average person, is first sound. It belongs to that what he already knows a little bit about—that is, the air—then a light, then a color, and then *with* that the depth of a color as chroma, then a Man becomes totally converted and transformed. Then he becomes a role player from the totality of himself, and then his life as he is behaving on Earth takes on quite a different kind of—and now I say, advisedly—different kind of 'color'; because it starts then to radiate, and it is then where his expression when he wants to use his voice is quite different, and then when he looks with his eyes, also his eyes become lit up. Because there is a fire burning within him, and that fire needs the air to continue but it needs the light to go out from him.

The fire that will burn in a Man when he actually becomes transfigured, I said that ... the other day I called it a 'clearance, that what is really taking place in a Man when he becomes a different kind of a person is a changing-over from personality to become an Individual. This is the aim that one wants when one wants to live and continue to live, this is the aim that one says "I now I stop my mechanicality." I break it because I don't want to continue to live under that law. I say "I don't want," for one moment, "nothing to do with that law"—I don't want it now—one has to make a very definite step to take, then, to say that to oneself: "I break my



mechanicality because I do not wish to be an automaton.” This is what I meant at lunch: To stop, to come then to that Self of yours. Not to your ordinary self. It is not a question of just coming to yourself. It’s a question of coming to that Self which has stopped ... and which has changed the time into a moment. *That* is worthwhile. When I prepare, when I wish, when I think, when I hope; when there is already something in me that looks for something I am on the road towards Work, but Work will *not* enter until there is a recognition of something that belongs to Objectivity.

Try to understand that quite well. Because, don’t get stuck on ordinary things of ordinary life which are just lovely and beautiful, but which have no quality of that kind of higher level. And even if it is a little pinpoint through which that light comes, it is sufficient to earmark it as life in Work. And Work may be one tenth of one percent of that kind of a quality, but that has to be there. All the rest is preparation and belongs to Work. And of course we would not have it unless there was already a desire that somehow or other I want to be freed from that what I call ‘bondage’ ... I can see bondage when I am unconscious, but it does not mean that I know how to get out of it. I will know that I can get out of it when there is an experience of a little ray of light entering into my unconscious state then lighting it up, then giving me the experience of an ‘I’.

So we talk again a little philosophy, a little bit of something that belongs to one’s life and what one could make part of oneself. All the different roles one plays in ordinary life with different people in relationships, all adherent to a certain law that is there based sometimes chemically as attraction, sometimes psychologically as a form of behavior—all of that has to be understood correctly by an engineer who comes to look to see if, perhaps, there is still help possible; *if* one is still looking for a solution; if there is still a desire not to wish to accept ordinary life, not to take it or to hope for the best that something automatically will change a machine into an actually role-playing machine involving all centers. The machine is your body, the two things that we call ‘feeling’ and ‘mind’ feed the body to perform. A Man who wishes to become Conscious and wants to produce harmony will need the attention of all three centers in one, and in becoming One he will know that something has been introduced which is *not* possible when that what ordinarily takes place ... that it will on itself change over.

Only a long ... a long time is needed to wear the machine out. When finally the machine is not useful anymore, when there is enough that has been done that the machine itself will not take in any impressions because they are already as old as the hills; that the machine itself is not

interested in running because there is nothing new under the Sun, *then* such a Man can become Conscious. That is what age will do. But, we have no time because we are not allowed to live that long, and it's very difficult to ... even to imagine that if one lived that long, if life would still want to come out. It is *now* that we use our life. It is *now* that we try, and not tomorrow. You must realize that the time from Saturday goes to Sunday, that Sunday is not like Saturday. That Sunday can be different from Saturday, that Saturday can be different from Friday; that there is constantly this wish to see this mechanical creature behaving as it does and perhaps accepting it, but from the standpoint of eternity it is really not allowable to leave it on its own and hope for the best—which never will come, because the best is a different kind of law.

That changing-over from one creature as one is now—unconscious—into another creature Conscious and perhaps even Conscientious, is simply an indication of growth for a Man who wishes, I use the term now, to 'finish' his life. He wants to really get through with it. He wants to leave the form in which his life is now. He wants to leave all forms. He wants life. He wants to finish with that life as it is now presented. Even his inner life still has a form, it's still bound by his essential Being. Only one little point gives him an indication of what is freedom: When he wants to finish with his life he has to look for his Magnetic Center. There he will find the negation of life existing in the forms of mechanical toys and he will uncover life in its totality as Infinity, as a force consisting of nothing else but a force. Not having any form to express it but just Being as a force, one calls this a 'field' of force stretched out to all directions of the universe without distinguishing, even, either between North or West or East or South but just Being, and Being within oneself.

Music can touch you there. The expression of that depends how well you could become a channel, how much one has to lose of oneself, how free one has to be. How much willing one is to die. How much one wishes to give oneself completely so that that what is reality can live, how one can find one's new life in the way in which there is no shadow of doubt. There is no doubt, there is no shadow because it is all Sun. The Sun itself has no shadow when one is within the Sun. Therefore there is no black and white; therefore there is only One as an Octave of whiteness, and no division which we still have to go through to find what is the totality of the Octave of my life.

I hope we have tomorrow, for all of us a good Sunday. I wish you could make up your mind but let your heart help you to direct it a little bit; and when one pronounces the word

‘Sun’day that it has the meaning of light, and that the wish for that kind of understanding is really that instead of being automatic ... a little bit of a machine, one becomes a full-grown human being developed, at times recognizing that what is needed and then understanding as if one hears just one tone of harmony which opens the door to the Lord.

Goodnight.

End of tape